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Shamrock Shore

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Shamrock Shore,

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, wholesale Toy
and marble warehouse c., Great St. Andrew
Street, 7 Dials

YOU curious searchers of each nation,
Who can content men and mirth afford,
Pray give attention to my relation,
Which I sincerely at truth lay down,
When first I passed that pleasant garden,
Where I the remnant of youth first wore,
I mean the valley free from contagion,
Like blessed Eden the shamrock shore.
My golden days I have surely wasted,
In drinking gaming and such pastime,
And others joys which I have tasted,
Which sent me raging a foreign clime,
Still embracing each fugient function,
At length to fair London town I came
Where I beheld Venus in conjunction,
With blundering Bacchus did seem to reign,
There you see madams with loads of laces,
Enough to eclipse the rising sun,
Their modest looks and painted faces,
You would surely swear each was a nun,
But do believe me their fond embraces,
Are to delude us wanton slaves,
No love is mixed with their fond endearments,
And all are fools to their jilting games
I spent my fortune their while it lasted,
Among these gaudy bewitching train
And when I found it all exhausted,
I shipped to traverse the raging main,
I sailed to India 'twas my desire,
And when the climate too was known,
I thought the world was all on fire,
Such derived that torrid zone,
I viewed with pleasure and admiration,
Their silver streams and golden mines,
Their fruitful vallies and rich plantation,
That bounteous heaven hath so refin'd
But had I the wealth of that great nation,
I would forsake and as many more,
To taste the sweet and pleasant recreation,
That still is reigning on the shamrock shore,
Ulysses twenty long years did wander,
His fame impeached for to regain,
His darling Penelope in absence,
For his sake he would be slain,
Though I am a stranger to all the losses,
And sad misfortunes these Grecians bore,
Yet I am plagued by these wavering crochets,
That keeps me from my native shore,
You Moorish damsels you fair Arionians
Persians Tarts and Turks likewise,
You proud Mulattos and Yanky Tawags,
Your gaudy awls I do despise.
Your gloomy aspects and greasy features,
Who can compare such tawdry cores,
To smiling charming beautiful faces,
That are here on the shamrock shore
But now we are ploughing the briny ocean,
And bound for home if God spare our lives
I will tell you truly my settled notion,
If war be o'er and peace survives
I will strive and struggle without cessation,
To reach my native soil once more,
Where pious works and contemplation,
I will end my days on the shamrock shore